

The Valiant Maidens

GARLAND.

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Containing Four new Songs.

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- 2 The Week's-Work,
- 3 He'll Marry me one Time or other.
- 4 The Three Jolly Travellers.



Bristol, Sold only by S. Naylor, in Broad-mead.



The valiant Middy's Resolution.

Farewell my dear and constant molly
For i am prest and oblig'd to go,
To serve the Nation in a Sailor's Station,
To fight our proud and insulting foe.
Come, come aboard for my will and pow-
ers,

My watch and rings i'll leave to you,
In token of the pleasant hours,
That i have spent along with you.

We are ten thousand valiant maidens,
And every one resolved to go,
we'll cut our hair and wear long trowsers
Like jolly tars we'll fight our Foe,

We'll some aboard with bold Boscawen,
And some with Admiral Hawke will go,
But i will sail with Admiral West,
Like hearts of gold to fight our foe.

We'll stand our Watch with sword and
Pistol,
And when our enemy all comes,

We will well observe the boatswain's
whistle,

And each be station'd unto our Guns.

Broadside for broadside we'll return them

While we have Life and Limbs to stand

So god preserve our gracious KING,

And send him health to rule this land.

The Week's-Work.

WHEN I was a Batcheler brave,
Enjoying all my soul could have,
My Silver and Guineas I then let fly,
I cock'd up my beaver, and who but I.

Fal, lal, &c.

I rov'd about, and i rov'd a While,
'Till all the ladies seem'd to smile,
From the ladies of pleasure to royal joan
Both gentle and simple was all my own
My rapier was made of the bilbo blade,
My coat and waistcoat were overlaid,
With silver Spangles so neat and so gay,
Astho' i had been King of some country
Play.

Besides i had a flattering tongue,
 The Ladies admir'd me when i sung.
 For i had a voice so charming and fine,
 That every Lady's Heart was mine.

On monday-morning i married a wife
 And thought to have liv'd a sober life,
 But as it fell out i had better been dead
 Then mark the time that i was wed.

On Tuesday-morn to my Surprise,
 A little before the Sun did rise,
 she tun'd up her clapper & scolded more
 Than ever i heard in my life before.

On wednesday-morn i went to the wood
 I thought in my heart she'd never be good
 I cut me a twig of the holly green

I think 'twas the toughest ever seen
 I brought it home and laid it by,

On thursday i went the same to try,
 And if she would no better be, for me
 The Devil might take her To-morrow

On Friday-morn to my surprise,
 A little before the sun did rise. [tun
 She tun'd up her clapper in a scolding
 And now you shall hear we parted soon

On saturday morn as i may say,
 As she on her pillow consulting lay ;
 The devil came in the midst of the game
 And took her away both blind and lame
 On Sunday, Friends, i can dine without
 A scolding Wife, or a brawling out,
 Enjoying my bottle and my best Friend
 And is not this a noble week's work end



He'll marry me one time or other.

Blyth Colin's best Art,
 his bewitch'd my young heart
 And, trust me, there's place for no other
 Should he once cease to woe,
 what must scorned Molly do?
 For there's not in the world such another
 No lad on the plain,
 Sure can pipe like my swain,
 So sweetly can carrol no other;
 Oh! how oft in the vale,
 Have i hear'd a soft tale
 And by moon-light he'll tell me another
 Wit, Beauty, and truth,
 All bedeck the sweet youth,
 And perswade me my love not to smother
 He has riches in store,
 Yet he courts me though poor,
 Nay, he swears that he doats on no other
 Should he chance to proclaim,
 To me shepherds his flame,
 They'd envy and make a great Smother.

Let the nymphs praise or rail,

All their mallice will fail,

In spite i will think on no other.

To the church on the brow,

He once pointed i vow,

And with kisses did almost me smother,

Not a word could i say,

But i long for the day,

Oh! he'll marry me one time or Other



The Three Jolly Travellers.

WE are 3 travellers travellers three

Ay Boys, o boys drink your brown
berry,

We've travelled far in the north country,

Without e'ver a Penny of money.

We travelled East & we travelled West,

Aye boys, &c.

[best]

We travelled the way that we thought

Without, &c.

We travelled on till we came to a town,
Ay boys, &c.

we went into an Inn, & sat ourselves down
Without, &c.

we call'd for our beer & brandy galore,
Ay boys, &c. (past,)

We drank on so fast, we forgot what was
That we'd never a penny, &c.

Come landlady, landlady what is to pay
Ay boys, &c.

There's just 10 & 6d. for you 3 to pay
Without, &c.

Up starts a jolly boy one of the three,
Ay boys, &c. (shot)

He laid her down quick; & he paid of the
Without, &c.

You're welcome, you're welcome you're
welcome, said she. (berry)

Ay boys, o boys, drink your brown
when ever you come this way call upon
Without e'er a penny of Money. (me)

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F I N I S.